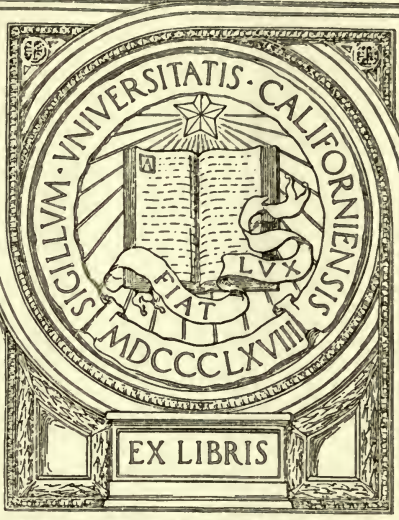


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# *In Camp and Trench*

*Songs of the Fighting Forces*

*by*

*Berton Braley*

*Author of "A Banjo at Armageddon," etc.*

*New York*

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TO  
CHARLES AGNEW MACLEAN  
Editor of the Popular Magazine

at whose suggestion and with  
whose encouragement most  
of these verses were written



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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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OVER THE TOP

**I**N the little pause when the drum fire stops before  
the whistles blow,

When a fellow's heart to his boot heels drops and the  
seconds tick off slow,

When he says "Good-bye, and if I 'go west' just tell  
the folks for me——"

And then chokes up in his throat and chest or cusses a  
bit, maybe,

It gives him courage and strength and pluck, when the  
others wish him well

With "Over the top with the best of luck and give the  
Bosches hell!"

When our boys shall get in a first line trench of the big  
show over there

And breathe the smoke and the battle stench as the  
shrapnel bursts in air,

It'll help each man as he waits and waits to charge  
through No Man's Land,

If he's sure that back in the Good Old States we know  
and we understand.

His heart will thrill with a truer pluck if he knows we  
wish him well,

With "Over the top with the best of luck and give the  
Bosches hell!"

NAMES

CALL him Sammy or call him Jack,  
Call him Johnny or Ted or Mac,  
Give him any old kind of name,  
It doesn't matter, he'll fight the same.

The name you give him won't help or harm  
His brave young heart or his fighting arm;  
Whatever the label that's his to wear,  
When he hits Berlin he will write it there.

So call him whatever your fancy's struck,  
If you only love him and wish him luck  
It matters not what the term may be,  
Its proper spelling is Victory!

So call him Jerry or call him Jim,  
It's all quite one and the same to him,  
For the dream that's stirring his hot young blood  
Is changing the Kaiser's name to "Mud"!



---

# MEN OF THE GUARD

---



"B" DIVISION

WHEN we heard our country calling us we volunteered for service;

It was just our simple duty, or it looked that way to us,

Though the thought of facing shell fire made us feel a trifle nervous,

And we weren't exactly anxious to be mixing in the fuss.

Now in companies, battalions and in regiments we're drilling,

We are lettered and we're numbered for our job across the foam,

But the men of "B" division weren't so ready or so willing,

While we hold the muddy trenches they'll be quartered safe at home!

Oh! the men of "B" division made a safe and sane decision,

They are meek and peaceful parties and they hate to pack a gun;

They'll avoid the great collision and we call 'em "B" division

'Cause they'll "B" here while we're fighting

And they'll "B" here when we're done!

"B" DIVISION (continued)

They're the calm, intrepid members of the tribe of "We  
should worry!"

"Let George do it!" is their motto, and they follow it,  
all right;

They're the ones who ducked conscription—though it  
put them in a flurry—

And they'll try to cop our sweethearts while we go  
to France and fight.

But I'd rather be a soldier who is daring blood and  
slaughter

Than to have a heart of putty and to stick at home  
and know

That while other men were playing in the game across  
the water

I belonged to "B" division, with the guys who  
wouldn't go!

They have made their own decision and they're  
stuck in "B" division,

While we do our bit of service for the old red,  
white and blue,

But we view 'em with derision and we call 'em "B"  
division

'Cause they'll "B" here while we're fighting  
And they'll "B" here when we're through!

## CHOW

**Y**OU may mutter and swear at the Reveille call  
With its "Can't get 'em up in the morning,"  
And you may not be fond of assembly at all,  
But you drop into line at the warning;  
Police call will cause you a lot of distress,  
Though you answer at once or regret it,  
But you jump when the splinter-lips bugle for mess  
And the hash-slinger yells, "Come and get it!"

For you know that it means  
"Form in line for your beans  
With your mess-kit in hand—do it now!"  
And you cheerfully come  
For your coffee and slum  
When the splinter-lips bugle for chow!

When you trudge in at night from a twenty-mile hike  
With your throat and your uniform dusty,  
You learn what a genuine appetite's like—  
The kind that the writers call "lusty,"  
And a feed at the swellest of city hotels,  
With a half-dozen waiters to set it,  
Wouldn't touch what the hash-slinger serves as he  
yells:  
"Hi, doughboys, it's up! Come and get it!"

CHOW (continued)

For it's filling and hot  
And it hits the right spot  
And it smoothes out the lines in your brow,  
So we line up with speed  
When the time comes for feed  
And the splinter-lips bugle for chow.

It is bully to find there's a letter for you  
Or a box of tobacco and candy,  
And permission for leave is too good to be true,  
And a book or a paper comes handy;  
But the moment in camp that is dearest to me  
(And with pleasure I always have met it)  
Is the time when the hash-slinger bellows out free;  
"Hi, doughboys, it's up! Come and get it!"

Oh! we kick and we howl  
And we mumble and growl  
At the stuff that we eat, but somehow  
We gather in style  
With a standing broad smile  
When the splinter-lips bugle for chow.

## HIKING

(Heavy Marching Order)

**O**NE-TWO-THREE-FOUR." Some-hike! Some-hike!

Hot-sun. Thick-dust. Hard-work? Sure-Mike.

Forty-five-pound-pack-now-weighs-one-ton.

"One-two-three-four"-I-swear-this-gun

Isn't-any-small-arm. Take-it-from-me,

It-was-made-for-field-ar-tiller-ree!

It-should-have-wheels, six-wheels-or-more—

Gosh-my-throat's-dry. "One-two-three-four!"

Route step is easier, breaks the monotony,

Brings back your spirits a bit, if you've got any;

Don't have to count every step that you take,

Don't have to watch every move that you make.

Some other squad starts to kidding and joking you,

Then you kid back, though the dust cloud is choking  
you;

Maybe a bunch starts a popular song

That helps a heap when you're hiking along.

And then when you stop for a rest

Where the grass looks so soft and so green

And you loosen the pack from your weary old back

And you swig from your army canteen,



HIKING (continued)

You heave a deep sigh from your chest

And you say to yourself as you sprawl:

"Well, I thought I was gone—that I couldn't keep on;

But I guess I'll get through, after all!"

Then it's "Fall in—march!" and we're off again,

A bunch of dusty and tired men,

Whose shoulders sag from their bandoliers

As they tramp along for a hundred years;

Or it seems a hundred until you get

So you march like soldiers, and we don't—yet.

Our feet are sore and we'd like to quit,

But each guy summons his nerve and grit

And sticks, somehow, till we hit our camp

With the corporals counting the steps we tramp.

"One-two-three-four." Darn-all-this-work.

I-wish-I-knew-how-I-could-shirk

Long-hikes-like-this. I'm-all-in-now;

When-I-get-back—oh-you-mess-chow!

Seems-like-I-can't-take-one-step-more;

"One-two-three-four. One-two-three-four."



## DRILL

**G**OSH, but I'm tired of drill!  
Clumping all over the lot,  
("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")  
Dusty and sweaty and hot.  
Tramping the clods in platoons and in squads,  
Dressing by inches and charging by rods;  
Harking to shavetails who bark their commands;  
Turning and wheeling, or standing dead still,  
Keeping just so with my feet and my hands—  
Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

I've got an ache in my back,  
I've got a pain in my neck;  
("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")  
Gee, but I feel like a wreck!  
Ache in each arch of my feet as we march,  
(Feel like a dress shirt without any starch).  
Doing the manual hours at a time,  
Learning to work with "mechanical skill,"  
Sergeant says: "Rotten! You guys are a crime!  
Do it all over."  
(We do it all over.)  
Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

Day after day after day.  
Plenty, I say, is enough.

DRILL (continued)

("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")

Who the hell started this stuff?

I wouldn't kick about doing my trick

Down in the trenches—but this is too thick.

Ain't there no end to this horrible bore?

Skipper says: "Boys, if you'll work with a will,  
We'll make you soldiers in seven years more."

("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")

Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

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# PLATTSBURGERS

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## THE COLT

**C**OLT" is the name that surely fits  
This weapon's every action,  
For like a colt she runs to skits  
Which drive you to distraction.  
She seems a gentle, simple gun,  
But when you come to aim her  
She jumps and kicks and bucks like fun  
And, gosh! it's hard to tame her.

The blue-steel Colt,  
The new steel Colt,  
She runs to stunts erratic,  
For she's a durn  
Tough arm to learn,  
This Army Automatic.

You think you'll blow the mark to pot  
At ten or fifteen paces  
And find that not a single shot  
Has left the slightest traces.  
All seven bullets went astray  
Amid the zephyrs breezy,  
Thus showing in a vivid way  
The Colt is not so easy.

THE COLT (continued)

The nifty Colt,  
The shifty Colt,  
She speaks in tones emphatic,  
But often works  
By whims and quirks,  
This Army Automatic!

Yet when you get to know this arm  
And how to coax and pet her,  
She'll do her duty like a charm,  
No gun will serve you better;  
She'll stick right closely by your side,  
And as the fight grows hotter  
And you are caught in battle's tide  
You'll thank your stars you've got her.

The lusty Colt,  
The trusty Colt,  
The weapon democratic,  
Whose vicious might  
Makes men one height,  
The Army Automatic!

## THE GRIND

OH! you grumble and yawn as you wake up at dawn  
Or maybe an hour or two prior,  
And you jump out ker-plunk from your nice cosy bunk  
To a floor that is far from the fire;  
Then there's mess and "Police" and your labours  
increase

When the bugle is sounded for drilling,  
Which is needful, all right, if you'd learn how to fight,  
Though it isn't especially thrilling.

But you simply must go through it,  
There's the job—you've got to do it,  
Though there seems an awful gob of it to cram;  
If you want to be an officer,  
A good efficient officer,  
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

Then there's bayonet drill, where you learn how to kill  
In a manner uncouth but conclusive;  
After which you must scoot to the range, where you  
shoot

At a target that's highly elusive.  
Then to classes you hie where you buck S. P. I.  
And the I. D. R. adds to your worry;  
Even noon call for mess scarcely lightens the stress,  
For you've got to get through in a hurry.

THE GRIND (continued)

But the Training Schools demand it  
And you'll simply have to stand it  
And go trotting to the slaughter like a lamb  
If you want to be an officer,  
A first-class A 1 officer,  
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

In the trenches you grub and the suicide club  
Needs a lot of your strictest attention,  
And there's duty to do with the wig-wagging crew  
And the hikes, which are painful to mention;  
And at night there is school, which you find, as a rule,  
Is productive of labour and sorrow;  
Then you loaf till it's taps—that's a half hour, per-  
haps—  
And there's nothing to do till to-morrow.

But although you growl and grumble,  
You will do your duty humble  
With the patience of an oyster or a clam  
If you want to be an officer,  
A real, up-standing officer,  
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

Glossary: "Police"—cleaning up barracks and streets, etc.  
S. P. I.—"Small Problems in Infantry." I. D. R.—"Infantry  
Drill Regulations." Suicide Club—Machine Gun Men. Wig-  
wagging Crew—Signalmen.



TURNABOUT

TO-DAY I am only a private  
That every one orders about;  
When a Sergeant says "Hup!"  
I have got to play up,  
And I jump at the corporal's shout.  
But presently I shall arrive at  
My turn to be Sergeant; oh, boy!  
And the Sergeant to-day  
Will be private, and, say,  
I guess that won't fill me with joy!

I'll make him stand round at attention,  
The way that he does it to me,  
And I'll give him a call  
If he blunders at all  
Or he errs in the slightest degree.  
I'll use all my native invention  
To work him with vigour and vim,  
And whatever he did  
To keep me on a grid  
I shall certainly do it to him!

For it's all in the game we are learning  
And it isn't in rancour, we know;  
Though this turnabout stuff  
May appear a bit rough,

TURNABOUT (continued)

It's the way to make officers grow.  
It means that the stripes we are earning  
Will represent labour and sweat—  
And the Sergeant just now  
Will have beads on *his* brow  
When I am a Sergeant, you bet!

## EDUCATION

**B**ELIEVE me, hereafter, whenever I meet  
A chap who is digging a ditch in the street  
I'll bring up my hand and salute!  
For I have been learning, in sap and boyau,  
How hard you must work and how much you must  
know

To be a good shovel-recruit.  
My hands are all blisters, my muscles are lame  
From digging the sand and revetting the same  
In a proper and soldierly style,  
And all the night long as I lie in my bunk  
I dream about dirt by the ton or the chunk  
And sand by the linear mile.

I used to think trenches were simple and plain,  
Requiring no actual use of the brain,  
But I was mistaken, that's clear;  
From what I've observed, if you build them correct,  
You need to be carpenter, drain architect  
And plumber and mine engineer.  
So we're getting plenty of drill from the start  
Till we learn every phase of the business by heart,  
And we know all the hooks and the crooks,  
For when we're commanding our men at the front  
We've got to know all of this trench-digging stunt  
Without any help from the books.

EDUCATION (continued)

I talk about parados, wattling, facine  
And think that in time I will know what they mean;  
    Though at present I'm hazy, I guess.  
Perhaps when I've dug out a dug-out or two  
I'll learn why I'm doing the things that I do  
    And accumulate sense, more or less.  
And meantime I'm drilling with shovel and pick  
In sand that is heavy and mud that is thick,  
    Constructing traverse and redoubt  
And doing my Sunday-school darndest to cope  
With all the instructions. I'll learn them, I hope,  
    If the arnica doesn't run out!

Glossary: Revetting—strengthening trench sides with brush-work, etc. Parados—opposite to parapet; back of a trench. Wattling—basketwork to hold dirt. Facine—a bundle of sticks. Traverse—zigzag trenches. Redoubt—a heavily fortified bit of trench.

## THE BREAKING POINT

**T**HERE'S a feud between Kelly and Klaw,  
They sputter like steaks on a grid,  
For Klaw calls big Kelly a Chaw  
And Kelly says Klaw is a Yid;  
There's a row between Linton and Jones  
And there's trouble with Hyland and Wright,  
And our barrack resounds with the tones  
Of quarrel, dissension and fight.

We used to be joyous and blithe  
And pleasant and placid to boot,  
But lately two-thirds of us writhe  
In a nervous excitement acute;  
We're fidgety, crochety, sore,  
We wake at the dawn with a scowl,  
And things that we grinned at before  
Now cause us to curse and to growl.

The reason? It's simple enough:  
We've worked and we've studied and grilled,  
We've gone through a mill that is rough,  
We've dug and we've hiked and we've drilled,  
And now that we're pretty near through  
And most of the labour is past,  
We're fretting and wondering who  
Will land the commissions at last.

THE BREAKING POINT (continued)

There's rumour and whisper at mess  
And guesses in trench and latrine,  
We spread wild reports as we dress,  
We gossip at school and canteen,  
We hear they'll examine on this  
Or lay all their stress upon that.  
What marvel our nerves go amiss  
And every one talks through his hat?

But wait till it's over; then Klaw  
And Kelly will patch up their row,  
And Linton and Jones will haw! haw!  
At the way that they carry on now;  
The winners and those they defeat  
Will act like good men who fought well,  
For the finish is not hard to meet—  
It's only the worry that's hell.

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## BOYS OF THE DRAFT

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## THE RECRUIT

I USED to wake up with a sticky tongue  
And an eye that was dull and red,  
And the songs that the early birdies sung  
I heard on my way to bed;  
But now I jump with the reveille  
And my eyes are bright and clear  
And I thank my lucky stars each day  
That the government brought me here.

I used to be mean as a hermit crab  
Till I'd swallowed my morning drink,  
But now that I'm wearing the Olive Drab  
I'm blithe as a bobolink,  
For the fresh air thrills through my throat and chest  
And I just want to shout and roar,  
And life has a savour, a zip, a zest  
That I never have known before.

I used to be flabby and soft and white  
When I sat at a desk in town,  
But since I've been learning the way to fight  
I'm husky and hard and brown.  
It took a cocktail to make me eat  
The choicest of food, but now  
You watch me march to a mess-shack seat  
And wade through the army chow.

THE RECRUIT (continued)

So I smile a sort of a shame-faced smile  
When I think how I plead exempt,  
And I'm glad that the board saw through my guile  
With a glance of cool contempt;  
And though I may perish across the seas,  
I'll be one of a splendid clan,  
For the army's taken a piece of cheese  
And made it into a Man!

## THE OLD TOP SERGEANT

**T**WENTY years of the army, of drawing a sergeant's pay  
And helping the West Point shavetails, fresh from  
the training school,  
To handle a bunch of soldiers and drill 'em the proper  
way  
(Which isn't always exactly according to book and  
rule).  
I've seen 'em rise to Captains and Majors and Colonels,  
too,  
And me still only a sergeant, the same as I used to  
be,  
And I knew that some of them didn't know as much  
as a sergeant knew,  
But I stuck to my daily duty—there wasn't a growl  
from me.

Twenty years of the army,  
Serving in peace and war,  
Standing the drill of the army mill,  
For that's what they paid me for.

Twenty years with the army, which wasn't so much  
for size,  
But man for man I'd back it to lick any troops on  
earth.

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE OLD TOP SERGEANT (continued)

'Twas a proud, little, classy army, as good as the flag  
it flies,

'And it takes an old top sergeant to know what the  
flag is worth.

Then—a shot at Sarejevo, and hell burst over there

And the Kaiser dragged us in it, and the bill for the  
draft was passed

And—they handed me my commission, and some  
shoulder straps to wear,

And the crazy dream of my rooky days had  
changed to a fact at last.

Twenty years with the army,

And it's great to know they call

On the guys like me for what will be

The mightiest job of all.

Twenty years of the army, of doing what shavetails  
bid,

And I know I haven't the polish that fellows like  
that will show,

And I hold a high opinion of the brains of a West  
Point kid,

But I think I can make him hustle when it comes  
to the work I know.

But who cares where we come from, Plattsburg, ranks,  
or the Guard,

This isn't a pink tea-party, but a War to be fought  
and won;

There's a serious job before us, a job that is huge and  
hard,

'And the social register don't count until we've got  
it done!

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE OLD TOP SERGEANT (continued)

Twenty years in the army,

And now I've got my chance.

Have I earned my straps? Well, you watch  
the chaps

That I've trained for the game in France!

"K. P."

AH! Kitchen Police is the duty that creases  
A lot of new lines in your brow;  
It keeps a guy hustling when detailed for rustling  
The daily allowance of chow.  
The Murphies I'm peeling have set my mind reeling,  
I've done seven billion and three,  
When I get away from this job I'll be grey from  
K. P.

But there's no escaping from scrubbing and scraping  
The pans and the pots and the plates,  
And bringing in fuel and ladling out gruel  
And paring the onions by crates;  
My nerves are all shaken from smelling the bacon,  
The coffee, the beans, and the tea,  
My hunger's departed; who was it that started  
K. P.?

I thought I'd be fighting the Germans, and righting  
The wrongs that the papers portrayed,  
And here I am wearing an apron and bearing  
The task of a scullery maid;  
Why, drilling is easy compared to the greasy  
Hard labour they've handed to me,  
This cleaning of fishes and juggling of dishes,  
K. P.!

"K. P." (continued)

Say, when by a drive at the Bosche we arrive at  
The widely known town of Berlin,  
And cheerfully—rather—we reach out and gather  
The Kaiser and Hindenburg in,  
I've got a suggestion to settle the question  
Of what we shall do with 'em: Gee!  
I'd thrill to be viewing the pair of them doing  
K. P.!



## JACKS OF ALL TRADES

UNCLE SAM reached out and took us, so of course  
we went and came  
To his school of preparation for the military game;  
We laid down the tools of labour for our rifles and our  
packs,  
Wrapped our clothing into bundles and put khaki on  
our backs.  
Yes, we left the farm and office and the counter and  
the mill,  
And the time clock all behind us, but we hadn't left  
our skill;  
And while fighting in the trenches is the work we have  
in view,  
Any other job you mention is the kind that we can do.

For the farmers and the plumbers  
And the agents and the drummers  
And the miners from the tunnel and the shaft,  
And the puddlers and the tailors  
And the lumbermen and sailors  
Have their quota in the Army of the Draft.

We are learning to be soldiers who can hand the gaff  
to Fritz,  
With a stew pan for a kelly and our rifles in our mitts,  
But if there's a strike of workers on the recreation hall



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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### JACKS OF ALL TRADES (continued)

We've a bunch of boys among us who can build it,  
stage and all.

They can paint the scenes and shift 'em, they can write  
and act a play

With a list of star performers that would daze the  
Great White Way,

For the pick of each profession and the class of every  
trade

Are assembled here together in the army we have  
made.

Yes, the digger of the sewer

And the butcher and the brewer

And the politician, leaving all his graft,

And the writer and the actor

And the garment sub-contractor

Have their quota in the Army of the Draft!

We have many expert cracksmen who are pretty sure  
to shine

In the job of prying spaces through the mighty Ger-  
man line;

We have engineers and sandhogs who will presently  
begin

On the digging of a subway that will take us to  
Berlin.

We're an army of civilians who are being trained for  
war,

But the work of smashing Germans isn't all we're  
fitted for;

JACKS OF ALL TRADES (continued)

We're a varied bunch of toilers from a big and busy  
land

That our Uncle Sam has summoned for a job he has  
on hand.

For he gets the high and lowly  
And the wicked and the holy  
And the men of every trade and every craft,  
And we'll work and win together  
As we battle hell-for-leather  
In the democratic Army of the Draft!

## THE COMB BAND

OH! we love the gay Victrola in the watches of the  
night

And we sit about and listen to its records with delight,  
And we like to hear the music of the regimental band  
While the leader juggles gaily with the baton in his  
hand,

But the melody that's sweetest as we linger in the  
gloom

Is the harmony extracted from a fine tooth comb.

Yes, we get some tissue paper and some combs from  
out our kit

And we gather in the squad-tent where the lantern  
shadows flit,

And we play a bunch of ragtime with a lot of vim and  
go,

In a sort of jazz-band rhythm—all the latest stuff we  
know;

Tunes that set your shoulders swaying, while your  
thoughts are light as foam,

To the sound of syncopation on a fine tooth comb.

It's a crazy sort of music which would drive a critic  
mad,

But it makes the evenings shorter and it really ain't  
so bad;

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE COMB BAND (continued)

And it often kind of gets you when the boys start in  
to play,

For I've seen some homesick fellows wipe a tear or  
two away

To the strains of "Suwanee River" and "My Old Ken-  
tucky Home"

As they float in wistful minors from a fine tooth comb.

When this cruel war is over—and I hope I'll last it  
through—

And we beat the German army—as we all intend to do;  
When the slaughtering is finished and the final fight  
we win

And with flags and pennons flying we go marching  
through Berlin,

I would like to tramp in triumph past the Kaiser's  
palace dome

Playing "Stars and Stripes Forever!" on a fine tooth  
comb!

## THE SLICKER

**O**H! the slicker makes a dicker for a u-ne-form  
That's the very latest style and cut;  
He is military, very, where the ladies swarm  
And you ought to see the beggar strut.  
Just to suit him we salute him as he breezes by  
In the khaki of a fighting man,  
But he never will endeavour to go forth to die,  
And he'll stay as far from trouble as he can.

Every fellow isn't yellow in the ordnance corps;  
There are plenty who are first-rate men.  
It's the codger who's a dodger that we all abhor,  
That has ducked the draft to wield a pen;  
One who blanches at the trenches, though his frame is  
dressed  
In the garments that the soldiers wear;  
It's the cutie seeking duty in a nice warm nest  
Very far away from "Over There."

He's a showboy, not a doughboy, in his nice clean  
clothes,  
And he'll never get 'em muddied up in scraps,  
For the rattle of a battle is a thought he loathes  
As he polishes his shoulder straps.

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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THE SLICKER (continued)

So we greet him when we meet him with a smart  
salute

As he swaggers past, all neat and trim,  
But I'm thinking he'd be shrinking in his khaki suit  
If he knew the view we take of him!

## AMBITION

(Aviation Corps)

I HAVE studied hard in the engine class  
And with math I have racked my brain,  
With a penguin old I have cut the grass  
And I've ridden a practice plane;  
I've taken a routine flight or two  
And they say that I'm not so bad,  
But the glorious goal that I have in view  
Is to pilot a combat Spad!

Oh! to surge and soar as the engines roar  
And to dart like a hawk awheel,  
And to climb and swoop as I loop the loop  
Or flash in a giddy vrille,  
With my eyes alight and my pulses glad—  
Oh, Gee, but I long for a combat Spad!

I must plug along in a slow old hack  
Till I'm fit for the test, I know,  
Till I've learned the way to the clouds and back  
And drilled for the war's big show;  
But I watch the chap from the Esquadrille  
And my heart it thumps like mad  
As I think of the joy a man must feel  
To fly in a combat Spad!



AMBITION (continued)

Oh! the way she leaps to the stars and sweeps  
Through the chill of the upper air,  
I would give my soul to win control  
Of a plane like that up there,  
To shoot through space like the daring lad  
Who's doing stunts with a combat Spad.

Well, the time will come when my barograph  
Will register dizzy height,  
When I'll down my Hun from the clouds and laugh  
As I drive with the speed of light,  
With my Lewis drumming a song of death  
While the Gothas plunge aflame,  
As I taste adventure with every breath  
And play in the war's great game!

So I wait my chance when the air of France  
Shall welcome me as I rise  
To dare my fate with the Huns of Hate  
Who battle amid the skies.  
I shall try my luck with a heart that's glad  
And win or lose in a combat Spad!



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## IN THE THICK OF IT

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## THE DOUGHBOY

**H**E kicks about his sergeant  
And he kicks about his chow,  
He grumbles at the drilling  
And he makes an awful row  
When the bugle blows assembly  
And he's ordered on a hike,  
For the howls he makes are legion  
At the things he doesn't like.

He kicks about the shavetail  
And his foolish little strut;  
He says the Captain's crazy  
And the Colonel is a mutt.  
He grumbles at the General  
(He doesn't know what for)  
And he says the war department  
Is mismanaging the war.

He kicks about his uniform,  
His mess-kit and his pack;  
He moans about the danger  
Of his never coming back.  
Yes, when he's safe in barracks  
He's a kicker all the while;  
He says the army's crummy  
And a soldier's life is vile.

THE DOUGHBOY (continued)

But when he gets in action  
With the other fighting men  
You'll find this kicker changing  
Into something else again.  
He will kick himself through hell fire  
Where the battle tumult rings,  
Till he's kicked the German Kaiser  
On the garbage heap of Kings.

## WAR SONGS

**O**H! the songs that thrill the trenches are the songs  
that start the feet

Into keeping time and measure with their syncopated  
beat,

Not the grand and stately music that the sober-minded  
praise,

But the foolish little ditties of the shows and cabarets.

In the crackle of the rifles and the rumble of the guns  
There's an underlying rhythm which interminably runs  
To a mighty sort of ragtime, as the bullets whine and  
spat

And machine guns split the ear drums with a vicious  
rat-a-tat.

So the syncopated music of the Tin Pan Alley brand  
Is the stuff that cheers our fighters in a far and for-  
eign land;

It's the gay and careless cadence that seems always to  
be made

As a battle hymn in ragtime for the wholly unafraid!

ARTILLERY

**G**UNS! Guns! Guns!  
In the battle of to-day they're the ones;  
They're the bruisers in the fray,  
They're the boys that clear the way,  
Throwin' projectiles by tons—  
Heavy guns!

Yes, somewhere way back of the lines,  
In a nice leafy bower or dell,  
Is where the artillery shines  
In givin' the enemy hell;  
The guns waddle up through the mire  
Like a fat lady walks on her pins,  
But when the command comes to fire,  
Well, that's when the straffin' begins.

The muzzles heaves up to the sky,  
The lanyards is pulled, there's a roar;  
The shells whistles, curvin' up high,  
And then there is more—an' still more.  
The gunners they sweats an' they smiles  
As carriages shiver an' wrench,  
An' way off—some several miles—  
Them shells has abolished a trench.

ARTILLERY (continued)

Your infantry may be O. K.,  
But when you prepare for a charge  
If big guns ain't clearin' the way  
You're gonta be smashed, by an' large.  
It's guns that rips bomb proofs to bits  
An' barb wire entanglements, too;  
It's guns gives the enemy fits  
So infantrymen kin break through!

Yes, you've gotta have the guns,  
Heavy guns,  
Throwin' shells by tons an' tons,  
Shells that smashes an' that stuns;  
They're the bruisers of the fray,  
They're the boys that clears the way,  
In the warfare of to-day they're the ones—  
Bully guns!

## THE ROOTER

**J**IM FISHER was a shiftless duck  
Who had but little to his credit,  
He blamed his poor estate on luck  
But people snickered when he said it.

They knew he dodged the thought of work  
And looked for it but feared to find it;  
They said his middle name was Shirk,  
And Jim, he loafed, and didn't mind it.

It would be hard to name a task  
That Jim was ever sawing wood at,  
But, just in case some one should ask,  
There was *one* stunt that he was good at.

He was a rooter superfine,  
A fan beyond all sense or reason;  
He ballyhooed behind the nine  
At every contest through the season.

He yelled and hooted long and loud,  
He cheered and sang through thin and thick; it  
Was so amusing to the crowd  
That he got in without a ticket.



THE ROOTER (continued)

An umpire's goat he loved to bait.

He liked to thrill the rooters' caucus  
With howls that seemed to ululate  
And cries of "Robber" hoarse and raucous.

And many times when there was doubt  
About the home town's chance of winning,  
Jim's bellow helped to pull them out  
To triumph in the final inning.

So when upon the army draft  
It pleased just Destiny to list him,  
Though many people grinned and laughed,  
You bet the baseball rooters missed him!

But though he was a lazy gink  
Who, up to then, through life had stumbled,  
He took his dose without a blink—  
He was a sport, and never grumbled.

At last they sent him on his way  
To face grim battle in the trenches;  
He marched with temper light and gay  
And winked at all the Gallic wenches.

One day the Bosche artillery  
Began an extra heavy shelling;  
All Hades suddenly broke free  
Within the trench where Jim was dwelling.

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE ROOTER (continued)

It seemed that awful bath of fire  
Would never, never discontinue;  
It killed and buried men in mire  
And racked the others, brain and sinew.

And then there came a charge of Huns,  
They looked tremendous and titanic;  
Jim's comrades, dropping all their guns,  
Started to run in sudden panic.

Then, high above the battle roar  
Sounded a most appalling hooting;  
It was Jim Fisher, as of yore,  
Bellowing, shouting, screaming, rooting!

"Come awn!" he yelled. "Come awn, play ball!  
Them guys ain't got a thing to show us.  
Come awn—one smash, one smash, that's all,  
One smash an' they won't want to know us.

"Come awn, wake up, get in the game,  
We'll send these Potsdam bushers spinning!  
Come awn, boys, come—" They heard—and came,  
And won out in the final inning!

THANKSGIVING

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I'M sittin' here in a muddy trench  
Somewhere on the Flanders line,  
While the rain comes down in a steady drench  
An' the shells from the Bosches whine;  
An' the folks are havin' a feast at home  
While I'm in the muck of war,  
An' I sit an' rattle my tired dome  
To think what I'm thankful for.

Then all of a sudden it comes to me  
An' I lift up my head an' smile,  
An' my heart it jumps in a bust of glee  
An' I laughs to myself awhile;  
For though I'm here in a smelly spot  
In the middle of death an' war,  
Good Lord-amighty, I know I've got  
A heap to be thankful for!

An' here is the cause I've got for thanks:  
I'm livin' as fits a Man,  
I'm doin' my bit in freedom's ranks  
An' fightin' the best I can.

THANKSGIVING (continued)

Before I joined in this mighty show  
I plugged at a routine job,  
An' life was easy an' safe—an' slow,  
With never a thrill or throb.

But now, though I'm in the midst of death  
An' half of the time is hell,  
I taste adventure with every breath  
In the roar of the shot an' shell.  
An' the rats may scamper an' cooties bite,  
A habit that I abhor,  
But I'm in the thick of a Man's-sized fight  
An' it's one I'm thankful for!

Say, when I think of the way I'd feel  
If I was a slacker guy,  
Afraid to cut an' afraid to deal  
In a game where the stakes is high,  
I says to myself: "Say, you, buck up,  
You got no cause to kick;  
Give thanks that you ain't no slacker pup  
With a heart that's weak an' sick!"

I ain't a hero—you get me, Jack?  
But nevertheless I ain't  
No quakin' boob with a jelly back  
An' a stomach that's always faint.  
No doubt them fellers is glad to miss  
The sound of the bugle call,  
But if I die in a war like this,  
*They* never have lived at all!

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THANKSGIVING (continued)

So I'm glad an' thankful that I have been  
A part of this roarin' game;  
That I have suffered an' fought with Men  
An' took each chance that came.  
You may die soon, but you live a lot  
In this ugly old sport of war,  
So takin' it all in all I've got  
A heap to be thankful for!

## THE CHRISTMAS SERMON

WE was sittin' tight in a dug-out  
An' playin' a game of rum,  
For ours was a quiet sector then  
An' Fritz's guns was dumb,  
When a footstep crunched in the ice outside  
An' in the Chaplain come.

Now our Chaplain hailed from Princeton,  
He was husky an' full of vim;  
He'd been a guard in his college days  
An' he'd always kept in trim,  
An' there wasn't a soldier in the trench  
That had more nerve than him.

Well, he come in that dirty dug-out  
In a kind of a smilin' way,  
An' he says to us: "Boys, I'm thinkin'  
Of havin' some words to say—  
A kind of a sort of a sermon  
That's fitted to Christmas day."

"Sure, shoot it," says Spike McGuggan.  
"In all of this muck an' grime  
I'd like to hear some woids of cheer  
To make me forget this slime,  
Fer you gotta admit that a day like this  
Is a heluva Christmas time!"



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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE CHRISTMAS SERMON (continued)

So we throws down the cards we're playin'  
An' eight of us boys, or ten,  
Is gathered around the parson  
While he clears his throat, an' then  
He starts off a bully sermon  
On "Peace an' Good Will to Men."

But he just gets nicely goin'  
An' you bet we didn't scoff  
When the sentries yells: "Hi, fellers,  
Our old friend Fritz is off;  
He's throwin' a bunch of hand grenades  
An' startin' a Christmas strafe!"

We grabs our masks an' rifles  
(An' the Chaplain grabs one, too)  
An' we all piles out in the ice cold trench  
In a fearful hullyballoo,  
For the Huns has started over the top  
An' there's work for us to do.

The parson sights his rifle  
An' every time she pops  
Out there in the middle of No Man's Land  
Some field grey figger drops,  
An' the parson grins a happy grin  
Whenever a German flops.

Says I: "If peace was the thing you preached,  
Then what are you fightin' for?"  
The parson answers: "We'll give 'em peace

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON (continued)

By makin' 'em sick of war,  
For the fellow who will not fight for peace  
Is a person that I abhor."

'Twas a lively show, but we smashed the Huns  
An' we drove them back again.  
An' the Chaplain takes one final shot  
An' puts down his gun, an' then  
He finishes up his Christmas talk  
On "Peace an' Good Will to Men!"



## THE SEARCH

**H**E'D come to the city and bucked the big game  
And, playing the best that he could,  
He won some small portion of money and fame;  
In brief, he had surely "made good,"  
He knew everybody worth knowing at all,  
His life was both varied and gay,  
But there was an ennui that held him in thrall  
And nothing could brush it away.

The brightest of parties, the keenest of wits,  
The plaudits that come from the crowd,  
All life's panorama that changes and flits  
Failed wholly at lifting his cloud;  
He wasn't a roué, all wearied and spent,  
He worked with a vim and a will,  
Yet somehow he lived in a vague discontent,  
Existence was lacking a thrill.

There was something he wanted, he didn't know what,  
Not riches, or power or love;  
He sought it in roving from spot unto spot,  
But still found no lightening of  
The weight of depression that laid on his heart  
A dull and a numb sort of pain,  
Which made him a mortal aloof and apart  
With a trouble he couldn't explain.

THE SEARCH (continued)

Then one day he vanished completely, poor chap,  
And no one could say where he'd gone,  
Though all of us wondered what part of the map  
He might have alighted upon.  
We chatted about him, this man who in truth  
Was never excited or stirred,  
Who, somehow or other, had never known youth  
Or thrilled at a deed or a word.

And then came his letter, a message elate  
With happiness, vigor and verve.  
He wrote to us: "Fellows, there's nothing so great  
As finding a way you can serve;  
By losing myself I've discovered romance  
In the heart of my labour and strife,  
For I'm driving a camion somewhere in France  
And I'm having the time of my life!"

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## ON THE U-BOAT TRAIL

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## HEROES

THE heroes of the story books are ever in a pose,  
They always die with words of high and lofty  
verse or prose,

But when the old *Tuscania* went down with flying flag  
Our khaki gang of heroes sang a gay and foolish rag!

“Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go  
from here?”

Across the sea the melody came dancing free and clear;  
They faced their fate with souls elate and hearts that  
knew no fear,

With “Where do we go from here, boys, where do we  
go from here?”

“Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go  
from here?”

A song, in truth, of valiant youth, that never loses  
cheer;

They felt the breath of clammy death, but with a lilt  
sincere

Their laughing shout rang blithely out, “Where do we  
go from here?”

It is a tale whose wondrous thrill we all of us can  
share

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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HEROES (continued)

When brave men meet their destiny with spirit  
debonair.

What foe can hope with boys to cope who sing, when  
death is near,

“Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go  
from here?”

THE DESTROYER MEN

THERE'S a roll and pitch and a heave and hitch  
To the nautical gait they take,  
For they're used to the cant of the decks aslant  
As the white-toothed combers break  
On the plates that thrum like a beaten drum  
To the thrill of the turbines' might,  
As the knife bow leaps through the yeasty deeps  
With the speed of a shell in flight!

Oh! their scorn is quick for the crews who stick  
To a battleship's steady floor,  
For they love the lurch of their own frail perch  
At thirty-five knots or more.  
They don't get much of the drills and such  
That the battleship jackies do,  
But sail the seas in their dungarees,  
A grimy destroyer's crew.

They needn't climb at their sleeping time  
To a hammock that sways and bumps,  
They leap—kerplunk!—in a cosy bunk  
That quivers and bucks and jumps.  
They hear the sound of the seas that pound  
On the half-inch plates of steel  
And close their eyes to the lullabies  
Of the creaking frame and keel.

THE DESTROYER MEN (continued)

They scour the deep for the subs that creep  
On their dirty assassin's work,  
And their keenest fun is to hunt the Hun  
Wherever his U-boats lurk.  
They live in hope that a periscope  
Will show in the deep sea swell,  
Then a true shot hits and it's "Good-bye, Fritz"—  
His future address is Hell!

They're a lusty crowd and they're vastly proud  
Of the slim, swift craft they drive;  
Of the roaring flues and the humming screws  
Which make her a thing alive.  
They love the lunge of her surging plunge  
And the murk of her smoke screen, too,  
As they sail the seas in their dungarees,  
A grimy destroyer's crew!



NOT IN UNIFORM

THEY haven't no khaki nor battleship blue,  
They're kind of a nondescript sort of a crew,  
Hard-handed and husky, but not like you meet  
On the holystoned decks of the battleship fleet;  
Nope, these here is only the everyday guys  
That handles the vessels what feeds the Allies,  
But—stop an' consider a bit what they mean—  
These lads of the merchant marine!

They sails with a cargo of beef or of steel,  
Or T. N. T. maybe, or bacon an' meal,  
An' so they goes wallowin', loaded for fair,  
To feed an' munition the folks "over there."  
An' if they gets by—well, they sighs with relief  
An' comes back to take on more biscuits an' beef.  
An' if they gets sunk—well, it's plain to be seen  
That it's rough on the merchant marine.

They don't get much glory for takin' a chance  
On dyin' while steamin' to England or France,  
For if they gets rescued from drownin' one trip  
They just comes up smilin' an' finds a new ship.  
An' if they goes down in a watery grave  
There isn't no half-masted flags that'll wave;  
An' yet they're real heroes who're doin' their bit,  
Not askin' no special approval for it;  
An' that's just the reason we otta be keen  
For the boys of the merchant marine!

## THE MINE SWEEPERS

OH! these are doughty fishermen who tempt the  
    roaring gale,  
But not for heaps of halibut or blubber of the whale;  
They sally forth from anchorage, a bold and nervy  
    crew,  
With drums of gleaming cable for the job they have  
    to do;  
They take their open chances of the many deaths that  
    lurk,  
They get no hero medals for the way they do their  
    work,  
But cannily and craftily with heavy-weighted lines  
They sail the bounding billows as they drag the sea  
    for mines!

Their task is daily labour and the lure of it is small,  
They only comb the mine-fields as the greybacks rise  
    and fall,  
And if their cables snare a mine their riflemen take aim  
And blow it all to pieces in a blaze of smoke and flame.  
And having done that little job, that ordinary chore,  
They throw the cables out again and drag the seas for  
    more,  
For it's all a part of business, of the routine of the day,  
And you've got to do your duty if you want to earn  
    your pay!

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## IN CAMP AND TRENCH

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### THE MINE SWEEPERS (continued)

They sometimes have a convoy, and they frequently  
have not,

As they do their cautious fishing in a mine-infested  
spot;

And they oftentimes are busy in the harbor of the foe  
While the shells are gaily skipping all about them, to  
and fro;

They haven't any uniforms or epaulets and such,  
Their pay is nothing princely and their glory isn't  
much;

They're plain and sturdy fishermen, with salt upon  
their breath,

Who clear the way for battleships and fish the seas  
for death!

DESERTED ROADS

**T**IME was we sang of wanderers who trod the open  
trail

And roved about the merry world by foot or train or  
sail,

Who knew the wind-swept spaces and who braved the  
sun and rain

Or followed gipsy caravans by mountain peak or plain.

But now the roads are empty of the blithe and restless  
clan

And bats and owls are roosting in the idle gipsy-van,  
For every true adventurer who never could be still  
Has joined the greatest game of all and found a keener  
thrill.

They're somewhere in the trenches and they're some-  
where in the air,

Oh look along the battle line and you will find them  
there;

But when the war is over and we welcome back our  
men,

The rovers—what are left of them—will hit the trail  
again!







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